

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



CAN SHE BE JEALOUS?

ROOKSTONE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—MANŒUVRING.

Mrs. WEBB was in her own opinion a devoted mother, but she had married a man several years younger than herself, and naturally wished to look juvenile as long as she could. In Louisa's infancy her mother had consigned her to the charge of an experienced nurse, contenting herself with a peep at "the sweet darling" once or twice a day. It had been hard,

of course, thus to deny herself; but then, as Mrs. Webb said, the duties of society must not be neglected. What would become of her husband's position in the world, to say nothing of dear Louisa's future prospects, if she did not maintain and continually replenish her circle of acquaintance. Dress, too, Mrs. Webb argued, unless it is to be a matter of lavish expenditure, must be a matter of time and thought and contrivance. Mrs. Webb did not dress well; she possessed neither the elegance of simplicity or good taste, but she was always smart and showy,

and made herself conspicuous; probably this was all she aimed at.

It had been pleasant as long as Louisa wore white frocks and sashes to listen to the admiring comments her beauty excited. Mrs. Webb had been nice-looking, and Louisa inherited the same doll-like type, a white skin and dark eyes and hair, but instead of her mother's restless intriguing expression, she had her father's calm self-satisfied tranquillity.

John Webb thought that it was impossible a Webb could err. He had greatly admired his wife before he married her; if he had been a little behind the scenes he might have been astounded at the skill with which the *passée* flirt had succeeded in entangling him into an engagement; but now that she was his wife and bore his name, he regarded her as a piece of perfection, only second in degree to himself.

He was short and stout, a good-looking commonplace man, but in his own eyes the model of that which a man should be.

Louisa had just returned from a finishing school in Paris, and her mother began to realise that a daughter, however charming, is expensive.

Louisa's requirements had already nearly doubled her dressmaker's bill, and when his wife pleaded this to Mr. Webb, he told her that money was tighter than ever, that in fact he believed he ought rather to diminish her allowance than increase it.

"Can't you talk to Louy and teach her how to economise?"

His wife had waited patiently for this answer. Mr. Webb thought slowly, and delivered his words as if they were oracles.

She sneered.

"It would be of as much use to expect reason from Louy as practical advice from you; she is as headstrong as she is extravagant."

"Then, my dear"—the oracle walked up to the glass and satisfied himself as to the arrangement of his moustache—"I can only say I am sorry to hear it; Miss Webb must not be headstrong if she is to maintain her proper position in the world."

He took up his book and went on reading.

One of the most remarkable traits in Mrs. Webb was that she never quarrelled with any one; she had no depth of feeling, therefore her sensitiveness rarely suffered. She had a very exalted idea of her own powers of management, and she certainly understood the art of governing her husband. She arranged his home so that it should suit all the requirements of his fastidious taste; she maintained his reputation in the world; she screwed and pinched in every possible manner to save out-of-sight household expenses, and she rarely contradicted her husband in public. As to inducing him to be less puffed up by his own merits, and be more charitable in his judgment of others—as to helping him in any way to live for anything but himself—Mrs. Webb could not have done this, because she was so wrapped in self-love that she attributed all the little vexations and trials of life to the malice and folly of others.

She had that morning heard of the death of her cousin, Mrs. Wolderston; and now, as she sat pondering on the best means of meeting Louisa's expenses, a bright idea came to relieve her perplexity.

But she was in no hurry to communicate it to her husband. She prided herself on her judgment, and she liked to be sure there was no flaw in her projects before she put them forth.

Janet and Christy must have a home, why should they not live with them? They ought to pay, for such comforts as Mrs. Webb was prepared to give them, £100 a year each. And besides this, Mrs. Webb entertained another scheme: she had always liked and admired Henry Wenlock: he was not rich, but he was thoroughly well-born and had good expectations; who could say what he might not do in the new line of life he had chosen?—for Mr. Webb had astonished his wife only a few days before by telling her that Captain Wenlock had sold his commission and had got a post in a banking-house.

She wished Louisa to marry young Wenlock, but this would be difficult. Mr. Webb disliked seeing young men at his house. If Janet came to reside with them, as a matter of course Henry Wenlock would be a frequent visitor, and it was impossible that he could continue to prefer that girl Janet to her lovely Louisa.

Do not consider Mrs. Webb crafty and cruel; remember she had not married for love herself, and she was quite incapable of estimating the agony such a desertion would inflict on Janet. Besides, she promised herself that when Henry was safely married to Louisa she would find a more suitable husband for her young cousin.

Mrs. Webb mentioned the first part of her scheme to her husband in the evening, having looked at it from every point of view, and to her surprise he acquiesced in it cordially. He had been speculating unknown to his wife, and just then he was almost beside himself with anxiety, trying vainly to raise money to avert an exposure. Two hundred a year would be a boon, indeed, no matter how it was earned. Mrs. Webb lost no time in proposing the plan to Janet.

It seemed very hard to the poor girl to be disturbed in the midst of her deep sorrow to discuss business arrangements.

At first she asserted positively that she and Christy could continue to live alone at Brompton, but she was obliged to admit after a while that this would be very difficult, unless she took a chaperon. She would have preferred a residence with good-natured Aunt Dawson, but Mrs. Webb had so managed matters that Mrs. Dawson thought Janet would not like such a plan, and therefore did not propose it; besides, she lived so very far away from Christy's school that it would scarcely have been desirable to place him under her roof.

The news of her mother's death had been a severe shock to Mary, and on the day of the funeral she was so ill that Richard would not leave her. To Janet it was a reprieve not to see him; till now she had scarcely had leisure to reflect on her mother's story, she had been called on to decide on so much of pressing importance.

She had stipulated only to join the Webbs at meal times and when she liked in the evenings, so that she had the luxury of solitude—a luxury, indeed, when associates are thoroughly wanting in sympathy.

It seemed to her, as she sat alone now, some weeks after her mother's death, that the words, "It was another will—not the one we have believed in," again sounded in her ears. She did not give a thought to Mary's sorrow at the discovery of her husband's guilt, for Janet never doubted that he was guilty; she only felt a fierce satisfaction in the task that seemed laid on her to reinstate her little brother in his inheritance.

Her mind became gradually filled with the contemplation of herself as the devoted champion who should baffle injustice and bring guilt to shame; she forgot her mother's injunction to watch over Mary as if she were her child instead of her sister.

In this mood she was glad of the prohibition about Henry Wenlock; she preferred achieving her victory unaided, then with what joy and triumph would she announce it to him.

She must consult Mr. Painson: her mother had desired her to do this. She did not want his opinion—her mind was made up on the subject of Richard's guilt, but the old lawyer might be useful in suggesting means and plans; at present she could not see how she was to act.

The pupils of her eyes dilated till the eyes themselves looked black, and a bright colour glowed on her delicate skin.

"Yes, my darling father," she said, "the stain of injustice shall be removed from your memory, and Christy shall lead the life he was born to lead."

CHAPTER XXX.—LOUISA WEBB.

LOUISA WEBB had rejoiced at first when she heard that she was to have Janet for a constant companion, but when she found that her cousin's residence with them would prevent her mother from spending part of the winter at Brighton, she changed her mind.

"Such nonsense! if Christy's school has begun, what does it matter?—as if they could not have stayed in Vincent Square by themselves while we went away; and then mamma says our Christmas must be very quiet because of Janet's deep mourning; it is very hard on me, when I'm only just home from school."

When she found that Janet's residence entailed the frequent presence of Henry Wenlock she grew more reconciled.

Louisa had a thorough belief in herself and her own powers of fascination—a belief which gives a woman far more power in society than the mere timid unconscious possession of real beauty or worth. From the first evening she saw them together she decided that Wenlock was entirely thrown away on her cousin Janet, and although she was not blind to his evident affection for his promised wife, she persuaded herself this simply arose from the fact of his long absence from England, and from his having lived in stations where there was little female society. "He knows no better," she said.

Louisa did not share her mother's manœuvring notions. She was far too charming to think of marriage for two or three years to come, but Captain Wenlock was not blind, and if he admired her—well, really, no one could blame her.

There is a kind of woman who sets down the result of all the arts she practises to the natural attractions she possesses. Never once does she acknowledge to herself that she has made any steps towards seeking the admiration she exults in; it is her fate; she is charming, she says sometimes, with a little tender sigh—too charming for the happiness of others.

It was not at all displeasing to Louisa when next Captain Wenlock came to dinner, to notice Janet's brusque answers and reserved, absent manner.

She watched the lovers closely during dinner; she saw that, although Henry still persisted in addressing his conversation chiefly to Janet, his manner grew more restrained and his face clouded.

As they went up-stairs she spoke to Janet.

"I say, dear, how you do tease Henry; you'll have to go down on your knees and make a humble apology when he comes up-stairs, I can tell you: he looked as cross as two sticks just now. I shall stay here to see how prettily you will do it."

"Then I am afraid you will be disappointed; and really, Louy, you take strange fancies in your head; you are quite mistaken if you think Henry and I have quarrelled."

Louisa laughed after her mother's teasing fashion. She loved teasing dearly, and she thought it would be great fun to see a lover's quarrel between Captain Wenlock and her dignified little cousin, for Janet's distaste for Louisa's confidences and missy notions had created a certain amount of pique in Miss Webb.

When Henry Wenlock came up-stairs he moved at once into the back drawing-room where Janet was sitting; she knew that Louisa's satirical eyes were upon her, and although she longed to know if Henry were displeased with her, she would not even look up at his approach.

"I have done nothing to make him really angry," she thought. "Louisa will soon be tired of watching us, but she shall get no food for her curiosity if I can help it."

Captain Wenlock lingered a few moments, then he seemed to become aware that Janet was trying to look away from him, and he went into the other room.

She could not see his face; the pain and surprise there must have touched her through all the pride she had roused to keep herself from following him across the room.

Louisa smiled. She sat down and sang a song which Henry Wenlock had specially admired on his last visit. At first he took no notice; he stood at a table turning over some of the very uninteresting books which Mrs. Webb considered drawing-room literature.

He hoped Janet would follow him; he could not understand what ailed her.

At dinner-time she had treated him as courteously as she might have treated a stranger, and now she was trying to avoid him. He detested caprice; hitherto he had seen no trace of this in Janet. He began to remember how very young she was at the time of their first engagement; they had been separated nearly two years; how could he be sure that she had not changed in the interval? He had seen her very seldom since his return—almost always in the presence of others.

He loved music, and sometimes it had troubled him a little that Janet could not sing.

"Come and sing this duet with me," said Louisa, in her coaxing, arch way. "I am going to make a brother of you, do you know? I have always so longed for a brother who could sing duets with me. Come!"

Without waiting for an answer she began the accompaniment, and Wenlock found himself singing to his heart's content almost before he had decided what to do.

One song succeeded another rapidly, and when at last the fair musician paused, exhausted by her exertions, it was nearly eleven o'clock.

Wenlock hurried from the piano to Janet; all his anger had evaporated long ago, and he felt vexed at his own neglect.

Janet looked up smiling.

"Thank you for your songs. I wish I could accompany you as Louisa can;" then seeing Mrs.

Webb suppress a yawn of weariness, she added, "It is not late, is it?"

Louisa smiled and inwardly applauded Janet's self-control, but Wenlock could not help feeling stung that she had not missed him.

He said good night and went away soon after.

"Have I been mistaken in her all this while?" he said to himself as he walked home; "if she had looked vexed when I went up to her just now it would have been only natural, but I believe she was glad to be left alone. Does she love me really, or is she only holding to this engagement from a sense of duty? Ever since her mother's death there has been this strange reserved change in her manner," He walked on thinking. "It may be her sorrow after all," he said, "and I am only behaving like a brute in wishing her to be different. Trials have come so fast upon her lately that it is cruel to expect that they will not deaden her for a time, at least to other thoughts, poor darling. I ought to be doubly tender and considerate towards her, instead of acting as I acted to-night."

He might have spared himself the remorse his hasty, generous nature suffered.

Janet was far too much absorbed in thinking out her suspicions of Richard Wolferston and her plans for putting them into action to trouble herself with any feeling so petty as jealousy of Louisa Webb. It seemed to her selfish to think of her own happiness till her father's memory was vindicated.

She was not faultless; she was proud, self-reliant, and self-willed, but she was noble-minded and generous-hearted: where she had once given her confidence she could not have withdrawn it without such a wrench as can come but seldom in a lifetime. Nothing could have made her stoop to the petty meanness, the small spites, by which women will rub all the bloom from their own lives and the lives of all who belong to them.

The fault of such great hearts is that, in what they think pursuit of duty, they are too apt to sacrifice their own feelings, forgetting that if the hearts of others are bound up with theirs they also must suffer.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

INCIDENTAL NOTES AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

IV.—SCHOOLDAYS CONTINUED.—DORKING.

BERKHAMPSTEAD was a place of peculiar interest in 1814, when, on April 20th, Louis XVIII left his retreat at Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire, upon the events in France opening the way for his return to the throne of his ancestors. On this occasion, the schoolboys at Marlow, with their masters, walked in procession—each wearing a white cockade, the corps being preceded by a white standard, inscribed "Vive le Roi,"—to meet the exiled Sovereign, and congratulate him on his restoration. The town was gaily decorated with evergreens, and at the principal inns the large tablecloths did duty as insignia pendent from the house-gables; and what was vastly more intelligible to small-boy loyalty, was the grant of a whole holiday at the request of King Louis; the medium being our French usher, Monsieur, who was a staunch Royalist. The scene was altogether very interesting, for the exiled sovereign had become endeared to his

neighbours during his stay at Hartwell. Never did young throats vociferate a more hearty welcome. There is nothing more fresh, hearty, and joyous than the cheers of schoolboys.

As in most large schools in the country, itinerant performers were admitted to our playground with their exhibitions, amongst which I remember parties of Morris dancers, which were not uncommon in Hertfordshire. I recollect to have seen them annually on May Day from 1808 to 1815. In Hone's "Every-day Book," June, 1826, is described such a company, consisting of eight young men—viz., six dancers, the seventh playing the tabor and pipe, and the eighth bearing on his breast a flat tin box with a slit, to receive the pence of the spectators. These men wore many-coloured ribbons on their hats, arms, and knees, some with small bells, in shape like those attached to a child's coral. Their dance, or set-to, consisted of a *vis-à-vis*; they turned, re-turned, clapped hands before and behind, jerked the knee and foot alternately, and so tripped it. The tabor and pipe are in my ears, as is also the tinkling of the bells, and the rustling finery of tinsel, paper, and ribbons. From 1815 to 1820 I saw Morris dancers at Dorking, in Surrey, where their grotesqueness was equally gaudy and artificial. This dance must not be confounded with the more ancient "fools' dance," such as I remember on a sign-stone of "The Three Morris Dancers," at a public-house in Old Change, at the point of its crossing Watling Street; the house was taken down in 1801, and the stone has been engraved.

"Oak-apple Day" was not forgotten in our calendar of customs at school in Hertfordshire. I remember the observance from the year 1810, especially among boys and girls and young persons, by whom the 29th of May was called "Shig-shag Day," and in our school of five score it was customary for each boy to wear a small twig of oak in his hat, cap, or jacket; while should any youngster be unprovided with this symbol of loyalty, he was chased about the playground, and his schoolfellows twitched him on the face and hands with the oak until he provided himself with the badge. Fortunate was he if he could procure a little branch, with oak-apples gilded, on Restoration Day. Brand remembers the boys at Newcastle-upon-Tyne having a taunting rhyme on this occasion, which they used to tease or insult such persons as they met on this day, who had not oak-leaves in their hats:—

"Royal Oak,
The Whigs to provoke."

The origin of wearing oak on May 29 is commonly believed to be to commemorate the preservation of Charles II in the oak; but this is a mistake, as the oak could scarcely then have been in sufficient leaf to conceal the King, who states it to have been "a pollard oak." On his return to England, Charles entered London on his birthday, May 29, when the Royalists displayed the branch of oak, from that tree having been instrumental in the King's restoration: hence the custom of wearing oak, and not from the King's being concealed in an oak on this day.

In the summer of 1815 it was arranged that I should be articleed for a premium of eighty-four guineas to Mr. Edward Langley, druggist and printer, at Dorking, for a term of six years. On my road thither, my father called my attention to the signboard of the "Queen's Head," a roadside inn,

on the left hand, as you leave the town of Epsom for Ashted. This signboard has a curious history. I learned, in after years, that it was painted by George Henry Harlow, whom Sir Thomas Lawrence characterised as the "most promising of all our painters." He entered more largely into the peculiar style and character of Lawrence's performances than any other of his pupils, so that to his short term in Lawrence's studio may be attributed much of Harlow's success in portrait painting. But the master and pupil quarrelled about their respective share in painting a much-admired dog, and they separated abruptly. Harlow revenged Lawrence's resentment in an odd way. He made an excursion into the country, and took up his abode at the "Queen's Head" inn, at Epsom, where he stayed some time; when, burning to annoy Lawrence, he painted for the landlord a signboard in a bold *caricatura* style, of the "Queen's Head," and in one corner of the board he wrote, "T. L., Greek Street, Soho." Lawrence, it is well known, became apprised of such an impertinent liberty with his name and reputation; but the caricature signboard did service, and remained at Epsom for many years. Upon the obverse was painted a queenly portrait (the face), and upon the reverse the back of the head and bust of the queen. Some twenty years after I first saw it, missing this peculiar sign from its suspensory iron (where a written board had been substituted), I inquired at the inn as to the fate of Harlow's "Queen's Head," but could not learn anything of its removal. But to proceed.

Goethe believed that our wishes are presentiments of the capabilities which lie within us—the harbingers of that which we shall be in a condition to perform. As much of this sentiment as a boy of fourteen could be expected to have imbibed, I felt on my first journey to Dorking, where it was settled that I should pass a month's probation. I had quitted school but a few weeks when I was marked out for "the noble craft and mystery" of printing; and so anxious was I for the change that I counted the days, nay, almost hours, until it arrived. I had already enjoyed the diversified scenery of Hertfordshire in my schooldays, and it seemed to me that I was now about to enter a more picturesque country, with the additional means of recording, as well as enjoying, its impressions. As we entered the vale of Norbury, my father said, in his earnest manner, "Boy, look about you; we are now amidst the most beautiful scenery of England." The result proved the truth of the German philosopher's presentiment.

It is now fifty-five years since my eyes and heart were first gladdened with the sight of this charming country, not then so thickly dotted with luxuriant verdure as at the present moment. The box upon Box Hill had then been but recently cut; the adjoining hill in the chain lately planted; the opposite hill of Denbies was thinly clothed, but Norbury then had its

"Druid grove, where many a reverend yew
Hid from the thirsty beam the noontide dew."

Evelyn mentions its walnuts, yews, and oaks; and here are majestic beeches, whose branches extend over areas upwards of a hundred feet in diameter, and others whose trunks run to the height of a hundred feet; while the old yews of Mickleham are registered in Domesday Book. And the cedars of Juniper Hall, at the hill base, were in their grandeur and glory.

My object is, however, to glance at the *personal changes* in the home-life of this delightful region, the

main features of which remain almost the same as when the Romans journeyed over Mickleham Downs, where their coins have been found in our time; or when the Druids held converse in their grove at Norbury, beneath the gloomy shade of which nothing flourishes—a true emblem of the dark Druidical faith. How many noteworthy and gifted persons were residents on this charmed ground half a century ago, but who have passed away, though happily leaving upon their age the impress of genius and the mint-mark of great minds! Throughout the scene there may be few monuments of man's work; and the railway is scarcely more prominent than the Roman road. Art has left little for us to preserve. The church at Mickleham, noticed in Domesday Book, has been restored, with its trace of Anglo-Norman architecture. Milton Court, the Elizabethan home of Jeremiah Markland, remains; and the architect's account is among the papers at Wotton, the abode of the Evelyn family, which is maintained intact, but is dwarfed by the majestic beech-woods adjoining. The ancient tumulus upon Milton Heath is now marked by a clump of firs; and near it is Warfield and Bury Hill, which there is reason to think was a stronghold of the Britons, and subsequently occupied by the Romans as their station or camp, upon the Roman road from Anderida, or Arundel, in Sussex, towards London; and the Storne Street and Ermyrn Street may still be traced, the latter to Mickleham Downs, already mentioned. Near Storne Street and Hanstiebury Camp, two years after the date I am writing of—namely, 1817—was ploughed up a box of about 700 Anglo-Saxon pennies, buried about the year 870; whence the British Museum received the important addition of 170 coins in the Anglo-Saxon series.

Hanstiebury, probably of British origin, occupies the brow and summit of a commanding hill. The form of the camp is polygonal, mostly bounded by a double ditch, and at present nearly covered with underwood and forest trees. Arrow-heads, made of flint, heart-shaped, and about an inch and a half long, have been ploughed up in the adjoining field.

Before proceeding farther, I may state that my opportunities for frequent visits to the nooks and corners and notable places about this interesting country extended through the six years I was located at Dorking. My rambles were on foot, and I have occasionally stood upon Box Hill and Leith Hill in the same day. Sometimes I met with a stranger of kindred pursuits and communicative kindness: such was Mr. Ambrose Glover, the well-known solicitor, of Reigate, a man of considerable antiquarian attainments, who took great pains to point out to me the historic sites about Leith Hill, and the principal objects in the prospect. Leith Hill is nine hundred and ninety-three feet above the sea-level. The vast expanse of country seen from this eminence includes an area of at least two hundred miles in circumference, in some parts bounded only by the horizon, in others by dimly shadowed hills at the distance of thirty or forty miles. Evelyn states that "twelve or thirteen counties can be seen from it." From one point the sea is visible through a depression in the South Downs, called Beeding Gap; from another, the high ground around Nettlebed, in Oxfordshire; and from a third (over Box Hill), the shadowy outline of the metropolis, skirted, as it were, by the sister hills of Highgate and Hampstead. Dennis, the critic and dramatist, more widely known by Pope's unsparing satire, considered the prospects

from Leith Hill as superior to anything he had before seen in England or Italy, although in the latter country he had looked down "upon Val d'Arno from the Apennines, on Rome and the Mediterranean from the mountains of Viterbo, and on the Campagna of Rome from Tivoli and Frascati." But from Leith Hill, he continues, "I had a prospect more extensive than any of these, and which surpassed them at once in rural charms, pomp, and magnificence." "These observations," says Mr. Bucke, in his "Philosophy of Nature," "derive additional interest, when we consider the source whence they proceed—a giant in learning, a hornet in criticism, and an indignant observer of the dispensations of fortune." What a balm must rural life have been to Dennis. "I never in my life," he says, "left the country without regret, and always returned to it with joy. The sight of a mountain is more agreeable than that of the most pompous edifices; and meadows and naturally winding streams please me before the most beautiful gardens and the most costly canals."

Think of this, ye who roam into unhealthy climates, and encounter difficulties and dangers, in search of curiosities and knowledge, although, if your industry were equally exerted at home, you might find within your daily reach inexhaustible subjects of inquiry and contemplation.

Leith Hill lies, as the crow flies, little more than twenty miles from London. On the south side of the hill lived Richard Hull, Esq., who, in 1766, with the permission of Sir John Evelyn, of Wotton, built a tower on that part of the summit of Leith Hill from which the sea is visible, and it became a landmark for mariners. It comprised two rooms, which were handsomely furnished by the founder, for the accommodation of persons who came hither to enjoy the prospect. Over the entrance was placed an inscription, in Latin, explaining that the founder had built the tower, "not solely for his own pleasure, but for the accommodation of his neighbours and all men." Mr. Hull died January 18, 1772, in his eighty-third year, and by his own direction was interred beneath the floor of this tower. The epitaph, on a marble slab (which has been broken into pieces), tells us that he lived in intimacy with Pope, Trenchard, and Bishop Berkeley, and, "to wear off the remainder of his days, he purchased Leith Hill Place for a retirement, where he led the life of a true Christian and rural philosopher." The next owner of the estate, Mr. W. P. Perrin, about 1796, had the tower heightened several feet; but the lower part was filled in with lime and rubbish, and the entrance walled up. In 1819 an attempt was made to establish an annual fair on Leith Hill, but its repetition was suppressed by the authorities. The tower was subsequently repaired by subscription in the neighbourhood; but it owes its last repair to Mr. John Smallpeice, a treasurer of the county, who was at considerable expense in securing the preservation of this famous landmark.

In the summer of 1844, a party of sappers and miners was stationed on the summit of the hill for several weeks, employed to ascertain the correctness of the admeasurements made for the general survey of the kingdom, under the orders of the Board of Ordnance. On St. Swithin's day (July 15th) in that year, the air was so remarkably clear that an observatory, only nine feet square, near Ashurst, in Kent, was seen with the naked eye; and a staff, about four inches in diameter, on Dunstable Downs, was dis-

cernible with a small telescope. The spires of forty-one churches in London were also visible, as well as the scaffolding around the new Houses of Parliament at Westminster.

I must here make room for a note upon a most valuable find of coins upon this site. On the 22nd of March, 1837, some labourers, digging for stone (within Mr. Evelyn's manor) on the south side of the Leith Hill tower, found, at the depth of three feet from the surface, an earthen jar, containing a number of gold coins, which, with pieces of the jar, are now at Wotton—viz., three sovereigns of Henry VIII, who is represented seated on his throne; four of Edward VI (two of them without the crown); one of Queen Elizabeth; a rose of Henry VIII; and twenty angels of the same reigns.

Ockley, or Okeley, is a famous historic village, seated on a green, near Stane Street Causeway. In the Saxon Chronicle is recorded a battle which took place at *Aclea*, in which the Danes were defeated by the Saxons, under their king Ethelwulf, in 851; and *Aclea* is considered to be the Ockley of our time. On Holmbury Hill, in this parish, is an ancient camp, of oblong form, but with a considerable angular projection at one end; at the opposite extremity are distinct remains of a double ditch and vallum, which are continued along the side where was the main entrance. It is probable that this was the position occupied by the invading host. Aubrey mentions that "the mote and mole of the *Keepe* of a Castle, indifferent large," were remaining in his time, near the church. He adds, "The tradition is, that it was destroyed by the Danes; and not only so, but that the Danes planted their battering-engines that threw it down on Berry Hill, which is two miles hence!" The gunpowder made in those parts must have been pretty strong; since John Evelyn states a mill near Shere, on blowing up, to have "shot a piece of timber through a cottage, and so taken off a poor woman's head as she was spinning!"

On the green at Ockley is an edifice of picturesque design, covering a well, constructed for the use of the village. This valuable gift was bestowed on the villagers by Miss Jane Scott, who resided with the Arbuthnot family, at Elderslie (a large mansion on the eastern side of the green), nearly twenty years, as a nursery governess. On her decease, she bequeathed not only a sum of money for the construction of the well, but a further sum in aid of a school for the children of the poor parishioners. The school stands at the upper extremity of the green: it is a picturesque building of stone. Over the principal entrance is inscribed, "Jane Scott, 1841;" and on the central part above are the initials "V. R.," encircled by the garter. The well is surmounted by a gabled roof, supported by four columns of Norman design, at the angles; and on each side is an open gable. Bessie Rayner Parkes, in a homely rhyming letter, sings:—

"Ockley has a village school;
You pass the well, and next the pool,
When a fair building meets the eye,
Framed with simple symmetry;
Above the portal—pass it not—
Are writ plain words, a name—Jane Scott."

A peal of six bells, "the poor man's only music," hangs in the old church tower, and rarely has it commemorated such generous nature as were possessed by the lowly minded Jane Scott.

In the mausoleum, in the churchyard, lie Lieut.-

General Polliott, and his wife and only child, of Leith Hill Place. The mausoleum is surrounded by several flourishing yew-trees, which apparently were planted about the time of its erection.

In this parish is a farm estate called Eversheds, which, in Domesday Book, Richard de Tonbridge held as *Arseste*, "which Almar held of King Edward," ever since which it has been valued at 115 shillings. "This land belonged to a freeman who could remove with it wherever he pleased, as it is not dependent on any manor held by Richard." The phrase, not uncommon in Domesday Book, signified that the land was free as well as the holder, who was not attached to the soil like a tenant in villanage, but could dispose of his land as he thought proper. How the property descended is unascertained; but at a short period after the Norman conquest it gave name to a family of yeomanry which was settled here during a long series of years, and of which there are several memorials in Ockley Church. John Evershed, the elder, who died in 1686, at the age of 79, was a very active promoter of the famous Surrey petition, which was presented to both Houses of Parliament in 1648. Aubrey mentions the Eversheds as a family seated here "rather before than after the Conquest."* The mansion called Eversheds, now a farm-house, is on the east side of the Stane Street Causeway. Jayes, near the verge of Ockley Green, has been in the possession of the ancient family of Steere for many generations.

It is hard to get away from a scene so fraught with delight as the pleasant village of Ockley. It is like parting with a dear friend whom we shall never see again. It reminds me of a truth I have somewhere read, that every one who looks back upon the scenes of his youth has one spot upon which the last light of the evening sunshine rests. And I have yet a few words more to say about Ockley.

SKETCHES OF THE GEOLOGICAL PERIODS AS THEY APPEAR IN 1871.

IV.—THE SILURIAN AGE.

The Cambrian or Primordial period passes by an imperceptible transition into the great Silurian age—so named by Sir Roderick Murchison, who first established this early dynasty of life as a distinct geological era. The Silurian presents us with a definite physical geography, for the northern hemisphere at least; and this physical geography is a key to the life conditions of the time. The North American continent, from its great unbroken area, affords, as usual, the best means of appreciating this. In this period the northern currents, acting perhaps in harmony with old Laurentian outcrops, had deposited in the sea two long submarine ridges, running to the southward from the extreme ends of the Laurentian nucleus, and constituting the foundations of the present ridges of the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies. Between these the extensive triangular area, now constituting the greater part of North America,

was a shallow oceanic plateau, sheltered from the cold polar currents by the Laurentian land on the north, and separated by the ridges already mentioned from the Atlantic and Pacific. It was on this great plateau of warm and sheltered ocean that what we call the Silurian fauna lived, while of the creatures that inhabited the depths of the great bounding oceans, whose abysses must have been far deeper and at a much lower temperature, we know little. During the long Silurian period, it is true, the great American plateau underwent many revolutions; sometimes being more deeply submerged, and having clear water tenanted by vast numbers of corals and shell-fishes, at others rising so as to become shallow and to receive deposits of sand and mud; but it was always distinct from the oceanic area without. In Europe, in like manner, there seems to have been a great internal plateau bounded by the embryo hills of Western Europe on the west, and harbouring a very similar assemblage of creatures to those existing in America.

Further, during the Silurian period itself there were great changes, from a fauna of somewhat primordial type up to a new order of things in the Upper Silurian, tending toward the novelties which were introduced in the succeeding Devonian and Carboniferous. We may, in the first place, sketch these changes as they occurred on the two great continental plateaus, noting as we proceed such hints as can be obtained with reference to the more extensive oceanic spaces.

At the beginning of the age, both plateaus seem to have been invaded by sandy and muddy sediments charged at some periods and places with magnesian limestone; and these circumstances were not favourable to the existence or preservation of organic remains. Such are the Potsdam and Calciferous beds of America and the Tremadoc and Llandeilo beds of England. The Potsdam and Tremadoc are by some included in the Cambrian, and may at least be regarded as transition groups. It is further to be observed, in the case of these beds, that if we begin at the west side of Europe and proceed easterly, or at the east side of America and proceed westerly, they become progressively thinner, the greater amount of material being deposited at the edges of the future continents; just as on the sides of a muddy tideway the flats are higher, and the more coarse sediment deposited near the margin of the channel, and fine mud is deposited at a greater distance and in thinner beds. The cause, however, on the great scale of the Atlantic, was somewhat different, ancient ridges determining the border of the channel. This statement holds good not only of these older beds, but of the whole of the Silurian, and of the succeeding Devonian and Carboniferous, all deposited on these same plateaus. Thus, in the case of the Silurian in England and Wales, the whole series is more than 20,000 feet thick, but in Russia it is less than 1,000 feet. In the eastern part of America the thickness is estimated at quite as great in amount as in Europe, while in the region of the Mississippi the Silurian rocks are scarcely thicker than in Russia, and consist in great part of limestones and fine sediments, the sandstones and conglomerates thinning out rapidly eastward of the Appalachian Mountains.

In both plateaus the earlier period of coarse accumulations was succeeded by one in which was clear water depositing little earthy sediment, and this usually fine; and in which the sea swarmed with animal life, from the *débris* of which enormous beds

* "When the heralds made their visitation into these parts, one of the family being urged to take a coat of arms, he told them 'he knew no difference between gentlemen and yeomen, only who had longest preserved their estates and patrimonies in the same place without waste or dissipation'—an observation very just. Besides this family, here are many others of no higher degree than that of yeoman—as Steere, Harpe, Hether, and Aston—who have had estates hereabouts in their several families coeval with the Norman Conquest."—Aubrey's "Surrey," vol. iv., pp. 179, 180.

of limestone were formed—the Trenton limestone of America and the Bala limestone of Europe. The fossils of this part of the series open up to us the head-quarters of Lower Silurian life; and in America more especially, the Trenton and its associated limestones can be traced over forty degrees of longitude; and throughout the whole of this space its principal beds are composed entirely of comminuted corals, shells, and crinoids, and studded with organisms of the same kinds still retaining their forms. Out of these seas, in the European area, arose in places volcanic islets, like those of the modern Pacific.

In the next succeeding era the clear waters became again invaded with muddy and sandy sediments, in various alternations, and with occasional bands of limestone, constituting the Caradoc beds of Britain and the Utica and Hudson River groups of America. During the deposition of these, the vast life of the Lower Silurian plateaus died away, and a middle Silurian group of sandstones and shales, the Oneida and Medina of America and the Mayhill of England, form the base of the Upper Silurian, or, as some hold, an intervening transition series.

But what was taking place meanwhile in the oceanic areas separating our plateaus? These were identical with the basins of the Atlantic and Pacific, which already existed in this period as depressions of the earth's crust, perhaps not so deep as at present. As to the deposits in their deeper portions we know nothing; but on the margin of the Atlantic area are some rocks which give us at least a little information.

In the older part of the period the enormous thickness of the Quebec group of North America appears to represent a broad stripe of deep water parallel to the eastern edge of the American plateau, and in which an immense thickness of beds of sand and mud was deposited with very few fossils, except in particular beds, and these of a more primordial aspect than those of the plateau itself. These rocks no doubt represent the margin of a deep Atlantic area, over which cold currents destructive of life were constantly passing, and in which great quantities of sand and mud, swept from the icy regions of the North, were continually being laid. The researches of Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Wyville Thomson show us that there are at present cold areas in the deeper parts of the Atlantic, on the European side, as we have long known that they exist at less depths on the American side; and these same researches, with the soundings on the American banks, show that sand and gravel may be deposited not merely on shallows, but in the depths of the ocean, provided that these depths are pervaded by cold and heavy currents capable of eroding the bottom, and of moving coarse material. The Quebec group in Canada and the United States, and the metalliferous Lower Silurian rocks of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, evidently represent deep and cold-water areas on the border of the Atlantic plateau.

At a later period, that of the Middle Silurian, the richly fossiliferous and exceptional deposits of the Island of Anticosti, show that when the plateau had become shallowed up by deposition and elevation, and converted into desolate sandbanks, the area of abundant life was transferred to the still deep Atlantic basin, in which the forms of Lower Silurian life continued to exist until they were mixed up with those of the Upper Silurian.

If we turn now to these latter rocks, and in-

quire as to their conditions on our two great plateaus, we shall find a repetition of changes similar to those which occurred in the times preceding. The sandy shallows of the earlier part of this period give place to wide oceanic areas similar to those of the Lower Silurian. In these we find vast and thick coral and shell limestones, the Wenlock of England and Niagara of America, as rich in life as the limestones of the Lower Silurian, and with the generic and family forms similar, but the species for the most part different. In America these limestones were followed by a singularly shallow condition of the plateau, in which the surface was so raised as at times to be converted into separate salt lakes in which beds of salt were deposited. On both plateaus there were alternations of oceanic and shallow conditions, under which the Lower Helderberg and Ludlow beds, the closing members of the Silurian, were laid down. Of the Atlantic beds of this period we know little, except that the great limestones appear to be wanting, and to be replaced by sandy and muddy deposits, in some parts at least of the margins of the area. In some portions also of the plateaus and their margins, extensive volcanic outbursts seem to have occurred; so that the American plateau at least presented in parts the aspect of a coral sea with archipelagoes of volcanic islands, the ejections from which became mixed with the aqueous deposits forming around them.

Having thus traced the interesting series of geographical conditions indicated by the Silurian series, we may next take our station on one of the submerged plateaus, and inquire as to the new forms



Fig. 9.—Fragment of Lower Silurian Limestone, sliced and magnified ten diameters, showing the manner in which it is made up of fragments of corals, crinoids, and shells. (From a paper on the Microscopic Structure of Canadian limestone, "Canadian Naturalist.")

of life now introduced to our notice; and in doing so shall include the life of both the Lower and Upper Silurian.

First, we may remark the vast abundance and variety of corals. The polyps, close relatives of the common sea-anemone of our coasts, which build up our modern coral reefs, were represented in the Silurian seas by a great number of allied yet different forms, equally effectual in the great work of secreting carbonate of lime in stony masses, and there-

fore in the building-up of continents. Let us note some of the differences. In the first place, whereas our modern coral-workers can show us but the top-most pinnacles of their creations, peeping above the surface of the sea in coral reefs and islands, the work

weight, but chiefly because calcareous matter in solution in water has penetrated all the interstices and filled them up with a deposit of crystalline limestone. In examining a slice, however, under the microscope, it will be seen that the fragments of



Fig. 10.—LIFE IN THE SILURIAN AGE.

On the bottom are seen, proceeding from left to right, Corals (*Stenopora* and *Beatricea*) and a Gasteropod; *Orthoceras*; Coral (*Petraia*); Crinoids, *Lingulae*, and Cystideans; a *Trilobite* and *Cystolites*. In the water is a large *Pterygotus*, and under it a *Trinucleus*. Farther on are Cephalopods, a Heteropod, and fishes. At the surface, *Phyllograptus*, *Graptolithus*, and *Bellerophon*. On the land, *Lepidodendron*, *Psilophyton*, and *Prototaxites*.

of the coral animals of the Silurian has been finished, by these limestones being covered by masses of new sediment consolidated into hard rock and raised out of the sea to constitute a part of the dry land. In the Silurian limestones we thus have not merely the coral reefs, but the wide beds of comminuted coral, mixed with the remains of other animals, which are necessarily accumulated in the ocean bed around the reefs and islands. Further, these beds, which we might find loose and unconsolidated in the modern sea, have their fragments closely cemented together in the old limestones. The nature of this difference can be well seen by comparing a fragment of modern coral or shell limestone from Bermuda, with a similar fragment of the Trenton limestone, both being sliced for examination under microscope. The old limestone is black or greyish, the modern one is nearly white, because in the former the organic matter in the animal fragments has been carbonised or converted into coaly and bituminous matter. The old limestone is much more dense and compact, partly because its materials have been more closely compressed by superincumbent

corals and other organisms are as distinct and well preserved as in the crumbling modern rock, except that they are perfectly imbedded in a paste of clear transparent limestone, or rather calcareous spar, infiltrated between them. I have examined great numbers of slices of these limestones, ever with new wonder at the packing of the organic fragments which they present. The hard marble-like limestones used for building in the Silurian districts of Europe and America, are thus in most cases consolidated masses of organic fragments.

In the next place, the animals themselves must have differed somewhat from their modern successors. This we gather from the structure of their stony cells, which present points of difference indicating corresponding difference of detail in the soft parts. Zoologists thus separate the rugose or wrinkled corals and the tabulate or floored corals of the Silurian from those of the modern seas. The former must have been the more like the ordinary coral animals; the latter were very peculiar, more especially in the close union of the cells and in the transverse floors which they were in the habit of building across these

cells as they grew in height. They presented, however, all the forms of our modern corals. Some were rounded and massive in form, others delicate and branching. Some were solitary or detached, others aggregative in communities. Some had the individual animals large and probably showy, others had them of microscopic size. Perhaps the most remarkable of all is the American *Bealricea*,* which grew like a great trunk of a tree twenty feet or more in height, its solitary animal at the top like a pillar-saint, though no doubt more appropriate and comfortable; and multitudes of delicate and encrusting corals clinging like mosses or lichens to its sides. This creature belongs to the very middle of the Silurian, and must have lived in great depths, undisturbed by swell or breakers, and sheltering vast multitudes of other creatures in its stony colonnades.

Lastly, the Silurian corals flourished in latitudes more boreal than their modern representatives. In both hemispheres as far north as Silurian limestones have been traced, well-developed corals have been found. On the great plateaus sheltered by Laurentian ridges to the north, and exposed to the sun and to the warmer currents of the equatorial regions, they flourished most grandly and luxuriantly: but they lived also north of the Laurentian bands in the Arctic Sea basins, though probably in the shallower and more sheltered parts. Undoubtedly the geographical arrangements of the Silurian period contributed to this. We have already seen how peculiarly adapted to an exuberant marine life were the submerged continents of the period; and there was probably little Arctic land producing icebergs to chill the seas. The great Arctic currents, which then as now flowed powerfully toward the equator, must have clung to the deeper parts of the ocean basins, while the return waters from the equator would spread themselves widely over the surface; so that wherever the Arctic Seas presented areas a little elevated out of the cold bottom water, there might be suitable abodes for coral animals. It has been supposed that in the Silurian period the sea might have derived some appreciable heat from the crust of the earth below, and astronomical conditions have been suggested as tending to produce changes of climate; but it is evident that, whatever weight may be due to these causes, the observed geographical conditions are sufficient to account for the facts of the case. It is also to be observed, that we cannot safely infer the requirements as to temperature of Silurian coral animals from those of the tenants of the modern ocean. In the modern seas many forms of life thrive best and grow to the greatest size in the colder seas; and in the later tertiary period there were elephants and rhinoceroses sufficiently hardy to endure the rigours of an Arctic climate. So there may have been in the Silurian seas corals of much less delicate constitution than those now living.

Next to the corals we may place the crinoids, or stone-lilies—creatures abounding throughout the Silurian seas, and realising a new creative idea, to be expanded in subsequent geological time into all the multifarious types of star-fishes and sea-urchins. A typical crinoid, such as the *Glyptocrinus* of the Lower Silurian, consists of a flexible jointed stem, sometimes several feet in length, composed of short cylindrical discs, curiously articulated together, a box-like body on top made up of polygonal pieces attached

to each other at the edges, and fine radiating jointed arms furnished with branches and branchlets, or fringes, all articulated and capable of being flexed in any direction. Such a creature has more the aspect of a flower than of an animal; yet it is really an animal, and subsists by collecting with its arms and drifting into its mouth minute creatures floating in the water. Another group, less typical, but abundantly represented in the Silurian seas, is that of the Cystideans, in which the body is sack-like, and the arms few and sometimes attached to the body. They resemble the young or larvæ of crinoids. In the modern seas the crinoids are extremely few, though dredging in very deep water has recently added to the number of known species; but in the Silurian period they had their birth, and attained to a number and perfection not afterwards surpassed. Perhaps the stone-lilies of the Upper Silurian rocks of Dudley, in England, are the most beautiful of Palæozoic animals. Judging from the immense quantities of their remains in some limestones, wide areas of the sea bottom must have been crowded with their long stalks and flower-like bodies, presenting vast submarine fields of these stony water-lilies.

Passing over many tribes of mollusks, continued or extended from the Primordial—and merely remarking that the lampshells and the ordinary bivalve and univalve shell-fishes are all represented largely, more especially the former group, in the Silurian—we come to the highest of the Mollusca, represented in our seas by the cuttle-fishes and nautili, creatures which, like the crinoids, may be said to have had their birth in the Silurian, and to have there attained to some of their grandest forms. The modern pearly nautilus shell, well known in every museum, is beautifully coiled in a disc-like form, and when sliced longitudinally shows a series of partitions dividing it into chambers, air-tight, and serving as a float to render the body of the creature independent of the force of gravity. As the animal grows it retracts its body toward the front of the shell, and forms new partitions, so that the buoyancy of the float always corresponds with the weight of the animal; while by the expansion and contraction of the body and removal of water from a tube or syphon which traverses the chambers, or the injection of additional water, slight differences can be effected, rendering the creature a very little lighter or heavier than the medium in which it swims. Thus practically delivered from the encumbrance of weight, and furnished with long flexible arms provided with suckers, with great eyes and a horny beak, the nautilus becomes one of the tyrants of the deep, creeping on the bottom or swimming on the surface at will, and everywhere preying on whatever animals it can master. Fortunately for us, as well as for the more feeble inhabitants of the sea, the nautili are not of great size, though some of their allies, the cuttle-fishes, which, however, want the floating apparatus, are sufficiently powerful to be formidable to man. In the Silurian period, however, there were not only nautili like ours, but a peculiar kind of straight nautilus—the *Orthoceratites*—which sometimes attained to gigantic size. The shells of these creatures may be compared to those of nautili straightened out, the chambers being placed in a direct line in front of each other. A great number of species have been discovered, many quite insignificant in size, but others as much as twelve feet in length and a foot in diameter at the larger end. Indeed, accounts have

* First described by Mr. Billings. It has been regarded as a plant, and as a cephalopod shell; but I believe it was a coral allied to *cystiphyllum*.

been given of individuals of much larger growth. These large *Orthoceratites* were the most powerful marine animals known to us in the Silurian, and must have been in those days the tyrants of the seas.

Among the crustaceans, or soft shell-fishes of the Silurian, we meet with the *Trilobites*, continued from the Primordial in great and increasing force, and represented by many and beautiful species; while an allied group of shell-fishes of low organisation but gigantic size, the *Eurypterids*, were provided with powerful limbs, long flexible bodies, and great eyes in the front of the head, and were sometimes several feet in length. Instead of being mud-grovelers, like the *Trilobites* and modern king-crabs, these *Eurypterids* must have been swimmers, careering rapidly through the water, and probably active and predaceous. There were also great multitudes of those little crustaceans which are enclosed in two horny or shelly valves like a bivalve shell-fish, and the remains of which sometimes fill certain beds of Silurian shale and limestone.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN FRANCE.

HAVING reposed at the hotel of Brives, a small post-town in the department de la Corrèze, during the extreme heat of one of the most sultry days I ever experienced, we proceeded about six o'clock on our route to Paris, intending, in consequence of the overpowering heat, to continue our journey by night.

Soon after sunset the little masses of floating clouds, which I had long watched, began to unite themselves one to another, as though plotting mischief, until they became by degrees condensed into formidable masses of thundery vapour, which threatened an approaching and violent storm. We had just passed the solitary post of Uzerche, where we had with difficulty obtained tired horses to take us on to Beau Soleil. About half an hour afterwards, a violent breeze sprang up, and an almost impenetrable darkness succeeded so suddenly to the hour of twilight, that we urged our postilion to press his horses onwards with all possible speed, having now decided on sleeping at the next relay, should our quarters prove at all tolerable.

This resolution, however, was speedily interrupted. The lightning became more and more vivid, succeeded by rolling peals of thunder from one end of the horizon to the other. We felt now very thankful that our horses were jaded and tranquil, and likely to convey us surely, though slowly, amid the gathering war of elements. Most awfully did the storm break upon us. Amid the intense darkness our carriage seemed a rolling mass of vivid light, from the almost unremitting lightnings which seemed to play around the wheels. Suddenly it appeared as though a shower of pebbles descended upon us. The postilion leaped from his seat, and endeavoured to shelter himself underneath his horses; but, pacific as they had appeared, they were not altogether disposed to stand this "pitiless pelting," and, perceiving they were becoming unmanageable, my husband dragged me from the carriage with all possible speed, and carried me to a sort of hut or shed near the roadside, rendered visible to us by the continued play of the lightning. The pelting of the hailstones I can compare to nothing but a succession of blows dealt upon us by no light hand, as I hurried, half-led, half-carried, to the rude shelter we had descried.

We knocked repeatedly at the door of the shed, but, on further examination, with little hope of finding any human being to open to us, so perfectly wretched and uninhabitable was its appearance. Suddenly, however, a faint light appeared through the chinks of the door, the snorting of a pig was heard, accompanied by the feeble cry of an infant, answered by a female voice from within.

Never did I enter a palace with half the thankfulness I stepped within the threshold of this humble shelter, the door of which was opened to us by a wretched-looking young woman with an infant in her arms. She had risen from a bed consisting of a few planks and a little straw, without either sheets or covering. On another miserable couch, of the same description, two more children, apparently about four and five years old, looking half starved, were extended; and the wretched appearance of both mother and infant completed a picture of misery, of which it had never before been my lot to become an eye-witness. The remains of a few sticks were dying away on the hearth, but the scanty supply of fuel collected during the preceding day was exhausted; and as to lamp or candle, she had none, so that we had no means of obtaining a light, which made the awful flashes of the storm still more terrific. Once or twice, in our anxiety to know the fate of our servants and carriage, we attempted to venture from our rude shelter, but in vain; both the rain and hail fell so tremendously we should have been drenched immediately.

We had interrogated the poor inhabitant of this wretched dwelling, and could, with some difficulty, glean from her *patois* that she had been recently left a widow, that all her little earnings had been spent during her husband's long illness, and, with an infant of five months old dependent on her care, as well as two other helpless little ones, she could gain little or nothing for the support of herself and them. During the season of chestnuts, with which this part of the country abounds (as the sickly smell of their blossoms in the night air had announced to us), she had amassed a little supply of sustenance for herself and children; but, now that this scanty store of nourishment was exhausted, she was in a state of almost utter destitution, having scarcely wherewith to impart nourishment to her helpless babe.

Our first feeling was naturally that of thankfulness in having been thus providentially thrown in the way of a case of such pitiable and touching distress, and permitted the opportunity, for a time at least, of relieving it; our next was that of grief and disappointment, in the recollection that we had left our money-bag (so needful in the old posting days) in the carriage, and we knew not to what distance the horses, threatening to become unmanageable, might have transported it.

So soon as the storm was sufficiently abated, we sallied forth in search of our carriage, directing the poor woman to follow us closely, until we might have it in our power to administer to her wants; but no sooner had we proceeded ten minutes from the shed, than a fresh deluge of rain obliged us to quicken our steps, still calling entreatingly on the poor half-naked woman to follow us; but she had, alas! already turned back, and probably had not heard our call.

We continued the descent of a long and steep hill, which rendered us still more alive to the danger we might have incurred, had the horses decidedly taken

fright. On a turn of the road our anxious eyes at length descried what appeared to us a nest of white cottages, but which, on a nearer approach, we discovered to be a small wayside inn, with farm-buildings annexed to it. Our carriage and horses, which had been housed in the barn during the violence of the storm, were now in the act of coming forth to meet us; my poor maid, with dripping garments, was fainting by the fireside, whilst the hostess was devoutly burning the "*chandelle bénite*" (a shabby bit of taper which had been blessed by the priest) by her side, and entreating her to kiss it. We were now enabled to send back our servant to the poor woman who had given us shelter, with the desired relief; and never surely was the hand of charity extended to one who needed it more, or its scanty supplies, as we afterwards found, more thankfully received.

The "inn kitchen" into which we now entered, drenched with wet, presented certainly as fine a study of an "interior" for the pencil of a Hogarth or a Teniers as can well be imagined. It was at once the cooking-room, eating-room, smoking-room, and I know not what besides, of all visitors, both gentle and simple, as well as the sleeping-apartment of the host and hostess, two children, and the damsel of all work.

In one corner sat a jovial trio, determined to bury all apprehension of danger or devastation which the recent tempest might have awakened in the pleasures of a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, and in the warmth of discussion. Their frequent bursts of merriment were answered from the adjoining "*pièce*" (which was no other than a stable) by the plaintive *mow* of a bereaved cow, who had been cruelly parted from her little one since the morning, but whose answering voice at no great distance assured our more sensitive feelings that their separation was not likely, as we might have inferred, to prove an endless one.

Beside the fire sat a lady, apparently between fifty and sixty, with a young man of soldier-like and particularly gentleman-like appearance by her side, evidently driven thither, like ourselves, by the violence of the storm. Unwilling to disturb them whilst in the act of drying their upper garments, I asked for a sleeping-room, hoping to be enabled to have my poor maid put to bed. But, to my dismay, I found the *bois de lit* (head and foot boards) already tenanted, both at the head and foot, by as fine a row of cocks and hens as can well be imagined. On our arrival they began to shuffle a little, as though courteously making way for us to enter between the file, treading upon one another's toes most unmercifully, if one might judge from the angry clacking of some of these feathery dames thus unceremoniously awakened by their neighbours.

Unable to remain longer where I was, we returned to share the cheerful gleams of the wood-fire, and, in our turn, dry our dripping cloaks and plaids. To my astonishment, I saw suspended on a hook against the wall, just above me, an oval wicker basket, with an infant of a few months old laced within it. Our hostess was engaged in preparing an omelette for some of her guests; and it appears the peasantry in this part of France are in the habit of thus suspending their infants for hours together when compelled to leave them in the cradle, in order to place them beyond the reach of pigs, goats, or other animals, who are frequent visitors, if not inmates, of the household.

Scarcely were we installed in the chimney-corner, talking over the events of the night, when the roll of carriage-wheels on the rough pavement, succeeded by a loud knocking at the door, announced the arrival of another visitor. This proved to be no other than our friend, the Count de R—, who was accompanying us as far as Paris on his route to Holland. He had remained behind us at the preceding post, for lack of horses, and, contrary to our expectations, had now overtaken us, having weathered the storm so far. He thankfully availed himself, like ourselves, of the first shelter, his horses having also judged it advisable to make a halt by refusing to proceed. Whilst the elements continued to wage war without, accompanied by a fresh deluge of rain, the parties assembled round the fire were evidently busily engaged in taking cognisance of each other. The lady, more especially, who, from her accent and complexion, I had put down as German, eyed our new guest with a singularly curious and inquisitive expression. So soon as their glances met, it was discovered that they were not altogether strangers to each other; and a scene of recognition took place, in which pleasure and surprise were equally demonstrated. Their conversation in German became long and animated, and, from the expressions of extreme gratitude and thankfulness which from time to time fell from the lady's lips in addressing the Count de R—, we became somewhat inquisitive to learn the particulars of this unexpected *rencontre*.

When the lady and her son left us (which they did shortly afterwards, being anxious to continue their journey), our friend gave us the following curious detail of his previous acquaintance with them: "Madame de B—," said our friend, "the lady I have so unexpectedly fallen in with, is the widow of Colonel B—, one of my oldest and most esteemed friends. At the time to which I am alluding, Moscow was in the hands of the French; and in consequence of the immense services rendered by her husband, and the severe shock his health had sustained by the disastrous campaign in which he had so greatly distinguished himself, she had been permitted by General C—, contrary to the received order, to accompany the colonel to Russia. He was unhappily killed at the Battle of Smolensk, and his wife left at a miserable inn in one of the neighbouring villages, where she gave birth to a son.

"I had, as I before remarked, been the intimate friend of her deceased husband, and had been present at their marriage, celebrated with unusual *éclat* at Berlin, about two years before. In passing through this village, with the brigade of the 10th Dragoons, in a carriage, or 'fourgon,' containing the treasure of the regiment, and charged at the same time with government despatches which it was necessary to deliver up within a given time, I stopped to take a hasty refreshment at this solitary inn, and here found the young and lovely wife of my unfortunate friend, with an infant of four months old, in a state of the greatest misery and destitution.

"She entreated me, with tears and prayers, to take her on to Berlin; but so many formidable obstacles opposed themselves to this act of charity, incompatible with the direct orders of government, that I was compelled to deny her request. The wounded found by the roadside the general's orders obliged me to receive and succour, but no other

permission could I avail myself of without the greatest risk.

"Her distress, however, at length overcame all other considerations. She threw herself on the ground before me, clasping my knees, and entreating me, in the name of that friendship I had vowed to her deceased husband, to carry her on to her family, and not to abandon her and her little one to perish with cold and hunger, as they had literally every chance of doing, amid the extreme rigours of the season.

"It was impossible any longer to resist her touching entreaties, and in less than half-an-hour she occupied, with her infant, the place beside me in a sort of cabriolet in which I travelled, forming the front of the fourgon.

"The snow was at least four feet in depth, and, from the weight of the carriage and dreadful state of the roads, we proceeded, even with four, and sometimes six strong horses, very slowly.

"Her exhaustion from cold and fatigue was great, after four days and nights of incessant travelling, in a vehicle exposed in so great a degree to the inclemencies of the season.

"On the evening of the fifth day of our march, the cold was so intense that I procured, with difficulty, some additional clothing, in the shape of furs and skins, my companion having employed her own scanty supplies in wrapping up her little one. I then administered to her a small glass of brandy, which I was in hopes might reanimate her, and, perchance, procure her a little repose.

"In half-an-hour we both fell into a profound sleep, which lasted until the dawn of day, when I was startled by a piercing cry from my female companion.

"Her child was gone!—she had let it slip from her arms whilst asleep. To describe her agony would be impossible. She insisted on returning immediately, and, by every persuasive epithet which language could command, entreated me to accompany her. The risk was great, not only in quitting my post, but in the delay which must necessarily ensue from such a step.

"We were fortunately near the post, and, whilst the horses were changing, I returned with my unfortunate *protégé*. The wolves were at this time unusually numerous, scouring the country, doubtless in search of the dying and the dead—those unfortunate victims of the ambition of the First Napoleon, whose bodies strewed the roadside; and this idea rendered the agony of her mind still more intense.

"After walking upwards of two hours, knee-deep in snow, without trace of any living thing but ourselves, we discovered, at a little distance before us, something peeping above the snow; and hastening towards the desired object, we found it was truly the lost babe, unhurt and asleep! It had providentially fallen between the fore wheels of the carriage, one of which had partially covered it with snow; but so completely was it swathed up in flannels and furs, that its cold bed had been in no way prejudicial, and the agonised mother once more pressed her little one to her aching bosom, where it needed no other restorative.

"No sooner, however, was she assured that her child lived and was restored to her, than nature gave way under its conflicting emotions, and she sank inanimate on the snowy couch which had so lately received her infant.

"My embarrassment and alarm were extreme—not a living creature near me, and consequently without the means of procuring any assistance. Taking the infant under one arm, I at length contrived with the other to raise and reanimate the mother, pouring a few drops from the brandy-flask I carried about me into her mouth, which was the only restorative I possessed. In this manner, half leading, half carrying her, we arrived at the post, where she was again placed in the carriage, being compelled to proceed with her under all circumstances, or leave her behind.

"As we approached Berlin my companion gathered new courage, and we fortunately arrived there without further accident or incident. I was happily enabled, from the king's private purse, confided to me by the General C—, whose *aide-de-camp* I then was, to relieve her momentary wants until she could rejoin her family, and, two years afterwards, to procure for her a pension from government.

"Her son, the interesting young man who accompanied her, following the career of his brave but unfortunate father, is now a valiant and distinguished officer. He is now returning with his mother from the baths of the Pyrenees."

TRAVELS IN THE AIR.

THE readers of the "Leisure Hour" have already had from the pen of Mr. Glaisher a series of illustrated papers on "The Balloon and its Applications." The first experiments and early history of the art, with some of the most wonderful adventures of travellers in the air, were there recorded. Since that time Mr. Glaisher has had many new experiences, especially in scientific voyages, under the auspices of the British Association. The results have appeared in a volume, from the notice of which in the "Times" we give extracts.

When Mr. Glaisher, in company with MM. Flammarion, De Fonvielle, and Tissandier, projected this volume, he and his *collaborateurs* little dreamt that before their work could be printed and published the time long hoped for and almost despaired of by aeronauts should at last have come. Mr. Glaisher writes on the opening page:—

"In its present form the balloon is useless for commercial enterprise, and so little adapts itself to our necessities that it might drop into oblivion to-morrow and we should miss nothing from the conveniences of life."

This could not be said now. The balloon has become something more than a philosopher's toy or a raree-show; the nation which invented it has found it an indispensable resource in a desperate emergency, and the political, commercial, and private ends it has served could have been gained in no other way. Only *par ballon monté* could M. Gambetta have escaped to the provinces, where his sanguine and energetic spirit for so long organised—not, indeed, victory, but a sanguine and energetic resistance; only *par ballon monté* could thousands of Frenchmen hear of all that was nearest and dearest to them; and if the war and balloons ended together, the latter have deserved so well of their country that the city of Paris, under the new Republic, or whatever it is to be, ought to charge its shield of arms with "on a field azure, a balloon rising."

The accounts we possess at present of the wonderful journeys made every day over the heads of the German soldiers are very imperfect. When the history of the war comes to be written we shall, doubtless, have full details of these aerial voyages, in which we hope will be written the names of those poor fellows whose letter-bags, picked up off the Scilly Isles, are supposed to have been blown out into the Channel, as an east wind carried their balloon towards the Atlantic. At present all who are interested—and who is not?—in balloon adventure cannot do better than read Mr. Glaisher's book, for only by a knowledge of its subject can they fully understand what is implied by the words "Balloon Post."

For a long time the most famous ascent in aerostatic annals was that of Gay Lussac, who, in September, 1804, started from Paris and reached the height of 23,000ft. To lighten the balloon he threw overboard every article he could possibly dispense with; a common deal chair went with the rest, and fell into a hedge close to a girl who was tending some sheep. As the sky at the time was clear and the balloon invisible, some of the country-folk held that it must have come straight from Paradise, and cried "a miracle;" others refused to think that "the workmen up above there could be such muffs," for the chair was roughly made; but the miracle-mongers would, no doubt, have carried the question had not a timely account of Lussac's voyage appeared in the papers. Several years later Andreoli and Brioschi ascended, it is said, but it has never been fully believed, to an elevation of 30,000 feet, when the balloon burst with a loud report, and came to the ground with great speed, but safety, near Petrarch's tomb. The torn balloon must have acted as a parachute. Mr. Glaisher has himself fallen, in his balloon, two miles in four minutes, and has landed without being greatly hurt. He and Mr. Coxwell became the champion aeronauts after their memorable ascent from Wolverhampton on the 5th of September, 1862. They rose to the enormous height of 37,000ft., a mile higher than the highest peak of the Himalayas; at 29,000ft. Mr. Glaisher became insensible; the valve line was entangled, and Mr. Coxwell had to climb from the car into the ring to readjust it; the cold was so intense that he lost the use of his hands and had to pull it with his teeth. Green, whose death we lately announced, was in his time the very prince of aeronauts, and made some 1,400 excursions into the air; but he was not much of a scientific observer, having (as he told M. de Fonvielle, who visited the old man in his latter days at Aerial Cottage, Holloway) "to make his bread by it," *i.e.*, by mounting into the clouds for the delectation of those who resort to tea gardens.

We will endeavour to give our readers some idea of the difficulties, pleasures, and dangers of aerial navigation by following an imaginary aeronaut from the earth to the clouds, and back to the earth again. Let us suppose that he has resolved to make a prodigious ascent for strictly scientific purposes. He has succeeded in borrowing (for there seems to be a great deal of borrowing among aeronauts) a balloon, and has had it conveyed overnight to the gas-works, where it is to be filled. He has secured the services of an experienced balloon captain to take the exclusive management of the balloon, and has borrowed from various societies a number of beautiful and delicate instruments wherewith to make his observations. At daybreak the two aeronauts—or as we will call them

for the sake of distinction, the philosopher and the aeronaut—and their friends start for the gas-works, and with the help of a number of workmen commence filling the balloon. Ballast and some victuals are stowed away in the car, the instruments fixed on a board lashed across its gunwale, and the direction of the wind is anxiously noted. The balloon—we will suppose it to be a large one—gradually inflates, the wind rises, and what between the wind and the gas it is all that fifty men can do to keep the monster from breaking clean away. At last there is a cry that the balloon is full, and that the men can hold it no longer. The two adventurers jump in, their ropes and other chattels are bundled in after them, and away they go with a side sweep which very nearly wrecks them against some contiguous chimneys. Perhaps it does, and the balloon in a few minutes comes down in a field a couple of miles off, having never got a thousand feet above the ground, with a great tear in its side, the loss of two or three hundred pounds' worth of gas, and the breakage of the instruments and the aeronauts. Other very frequent stumbles at the threshold may show that the balloon is rotten, that it is "full of minute holes," that it will not carry ballast enough for safety, etc. But let us suppose it fairly gas-tight, and that the aeronaut by a liberal discharge of ballast clears trees and chimneys and shoots up into the clouds a great deal faster than he intended to a height of some 5,000 or 6,000 feet. More ballast is discharged and up and up they go till the philosopher's face becomes of a "glowing purple," and his heart palpitates audibly. He does not mind this, but watches the falling mercury, and busily records the reading of the instruments, until the aeronaut announces that the balloon is stationary, and that he can spare no more ballast, what remains being kept in hand to throw out, if necessary, on nearing the earth, so that they may fall soft. Perhaps some *contretemps* has happened; the balloon has been gyrating, and the valve-line become twisted, as with Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell; or it may have passed through a snow-cloud and thence into the rays of the sun, which have melted the snow from the covering and expanded the gas, giving our travellers a most dangerous impetus upwards—an impetus which may be brought to a stop in half a minute by the bursting of the balloon "with a loud report." The aeronaut and the philosopher hang on to the valve-line, gas rushes out in volumes, and the balloon falls. Presently the snow cloud is entered again, the ropes and car and covering are clogged with snow, the fall is terribly accelerated, the snow-cloud is passed through, and the earth is seen approaching "with frightful rapidity." The remaining ballast is thrown out; nevertheless the balloon takes the ground with a bump that breaks all the instruments, and after rolling and dragging and bounding along "at the speed of an express train, playing leap-frog over oaks twenty yards high," tearing itself to pieces, the grapnel hooks lay hold, and it is brought up, perhaps in the middle of a marsh. Cut and bruised and half-stunned, the aeronauts scramble out, inquire where they are, and find that they are forty or fifty miles from their starting-point, although they have not been an hour in the air. Fonvielle and Tissandier started from Paris, ascended several thousand feet and came to the earth with terrific force forty-eight miles away—all in the space of thirty-five minutes. Theirs was the fastest journey yet made by a balloon. One of the

most interesting accounts in Mr. Glaisher's book is that of a voyage from Paris made into Prussia three years ago by MM. Flammarion and Godard. They passed over Mulheim and Cologne. The Cologne bells sounded soft and sweet in the skies, at an altitude of 8,000ft., and the artillery of Mulheim growled among the clouds "preparing itself for the next war." "As we made our descent on German territory," says Flammarion, "we put up the French flag on one of the ropes of the balloon."

A balloon is poised in the air with exquisite delicacy. Tissandier relates that throwing out a chicken bone caused the Neptune to rise suddenly from twenty to thirty yards, and Lunardi's barometer fell three degrees on his casting away his hat. On sand being thrown out from a balloon rapidly descending, it (apparently) rises into the air, and, as the balloon slackens speed, falls again in a fine shower. The sea is the great bugbear of the aeronaut; to save the land he will almost drop upon it like a stone. Mr. Glaisher, who chose Wolverhampton for his favourite place of ascent, tells us that an aeronaut cannot get far enough from the sea in England, and requires all the landroom of a continent to make his voyage, with freedom and comfort. Balloons have a great reputation for danger, but the 3,500 ascents which have been made have only caused fifteen deaths. The most critical moment of an air voyage is its last; to be able to take the ground well and skilfully, requires the greatest presence of mind as well as thorough experience, and even then there is generally more or less of a crash. Not one of the writers in this book is very sanguine of the speedy invention of a method by which balloons may be directly propelled or guided. At present their vertical motion only can be controlled, and that only so long as there is gas or ballast to spare. By rising or falling into opposite currents of air a certain amount of steering can be done, but this requires a happy conjunction of the most skilful management with the greatest good luck. Even in their present imperfect state balloons have done most valuable service to science, and there seems no reason to doubt that they have it in their power to render much more. Now that it is also proved that aeronauts can be of service to statesmen and generals they will receive that attention and patronage which has long been their sorest need. Generally speaking, want of funds has compelled them to put up with many makeshifts and inconveniences which will now be remedied. A good gas-tight ballast-carrying balloon has been the rarest thing in the world; when it becomes more common, safe and easy ascents, fulfilling all that is expected of them, will become the order of the day instead of the exception of a year.

Mr. Glaisher's book is adorned with excellent illustrations representing many startling predicaments, magnificent cloud-effects, etc. It is full of amusing anecdotes, such as that of the two gendarmes who pursued a driving balloon with "Your passports, gentlemen," or of the peasants who shouted to a couple of aeronauts who had approached the ground that if they turned to the right, took the main road, and kept straight on, they would get to Orleans in so many leagues. Some of these are very old Joe Millers of the skies, but all are amusing; and the book contains a happy mixture of science and popular writing which, added to its opportune appearance, is sure to command success.

Varieties.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL REPORT FOR 1870.—In educational matters the Commissioner of that bureau reports that the average attendance in the schools of the whole country is 3,377,069, while the average number of absentees of school age is 4,843,568. The average yearly school expenditure per head of the school population varies from \$19 17c. in Nevada to 48c. in North Carolina. In North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Florida, less than one dollar a year is devoted to the education of each child. Massachusetts spends \$16 45c., and New York \$5 83c. per head. There are 369 colleges in the country. The Commissioner of Education thinks that, "comparing the effort made, the money expended, and the amount accomplished with similar particulars in the Prussian system, theirs will undoubtedly be found to excel the American in economy, in the universality of intelligence, in the training of teachers, and in the ratio of highly-trained scientific and literary minds to the whole population."

AMERICAN TAXATION OF THE FUTURE.—The taxes collected from the people have been reduced more than eighty millions a year, and there is no reason why, in a few years, the national tax-gatherer may not disappear from the door of the citizen almost entirely. With the revenue stamps disbursed by postmasters in every community, a tax upon all liquors of all sorts, and tobacco in all its forms, and by a wise adjustment of the tariff which will put a duty only upon those articles which we could dispense with, known as luxuries, and on those which we use more of than we produce, revenue enough may be raised after a few years of peace, and consequent reduction of indebtedness, to fulfil all our obligations. A further reduction of expenses in addition to a reduction of interest account may be relied on to make this practicable.—*President U. S. Grant.*

COTTON SEED.—American papers notice an increasing branch of commerce between the Southern States and Great Britain. The ship "Ocean Wave," which cleared recently from New Orleans for Liverpool, took 10,612 sacks of cotton seed. Factories for the manufacture of oil from cotton seed are at work in the South, and ready sale is found for the oil-cake in the Northern States and in Europe, the product being found of much value for feeding stock. The oil is one of the most valuable of the vegetable oils, and in New York brings from 35c. to 40c. per gallon. At the present time the total production of cotton seed in the South is 2,250,000 tons, of which nearly one-third is produced in the valley of the Mississippi. The market price for the seed in New Orleans is from \$12 to \$13 per ton.

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.—The Alliance consists of men of all classes and parties, who are actively engaged in works of social advancement and reform, and who are quite as jealous as their neighbours of the honour and dignity of the realm. They have never been found backward in efforts to maintain that honour, to combat ignorance by knowledge, and to overcome evil by voluntary and self-sacrificing labours. But they know that indulgence in strong drink, by its influence on health, manners, morals, mind, wealth, industry, political purity, domestic happiness, and national prosperity, is the greatest source of the people's suffering, shame, and undoing. They also know that the liquor traffic stimulates, feeds, and sustains this indulgence to an appalling degree, and in a manner that defies all restraint and prevention; and, knowing these things, they are determined to treat this question as one of primary and fundamental importance, and to insist upon its being so treated by those who, having derived their power from the people, are responsible for such a use of it as shall make the law, in this as in other social affairs, the minister and conservator of the public good.—*Mr. Dawson Burns.*

WINDOW GARDENS.—A box in the early spring months can be made to look quite cheerful and gay with such plants as the dwarf German wallflower for a background, some compact tufts of the white Iberis or candy-tuft, also the yellow alyssum, with a few anemones for a second row, and near the edge a few clumps of Aubrietia Campbells, mixed with a few scillas, snowdrops, and crocuses. These, with a hyacinth or two dotted in the centre of the box, will keep it gay until the time arrives for planting the usual summer plants. As the spring plants go out of flower they should be removed from the box and planted in a partially-shaded part of the garden, where they will grow during the summer, and can be used again for the window the following spring. In filling a window-box for the summer,

much depends on the arrangement of what may be termed the framework of the box, as well as the arrangement of the flowers, which may be termed the picture. I saw some window-boxes last summer that were admired by hundreds of passers-by. The boxes were placed in front of some windows, and had an iron palisade or fence behind them. Planted here and there in the box were ivy-leaf geraniums and *tropeolum* ball of fire, and then trained to the iron-work, so as to completely furnish it, and very nearly hide the boxes as well. These plants were allowed to grow and bloom naturally, and during the principal part of the summer they were one mass of scarlet and white. The body of the boxes was planted with geraniums of all kinds, those belonging to the nosegay section predominating; fuchsias, with the branches encouraged to grow through the iron fence, and their long, graceful, pendulous shoots, had a peculiarly beautiful effect; yellow *calceolarias*, blue *lobelias*, *verbenas*, and, for the sake of the foliage, oak-leaf geraniums, which flowered freely. In addition to the other plants, climbers were planted at the ends of the boxes by the wall of the house, and trained up the sides of the windows on wires fixed for the purpose. They consisted of a plant at each end of the evergreen passion flower, of *Cobaea scandens*, and *Lophospermum scandens*, which grew rapidly and bloomed abundantly. These latter, after being trained around the frame of the window, were allowed to hang in graceful festoons down in front of the window, which screened the room from the direct rays of the sun, and at the same time gave it a fresh and cool appearance. These climbing plants can be used and trained in a similar manner in the most humble cottage windows, and will produce the same effect as in those of the mansion.—*The Gardener's Magazine*.

SELLING BAD WINE.—In the Letter Book of the Vintners' Company, under date 38 Edward III, November 11, 1364, before the Mayor and Aldermen, "John Rightways and John Penrose, taverners, were charged with trespass in the tavern of Walter Doget, in Estchepe, on the eve of St. Martin, and there selling unsound and unwholesome wines, to the deceit of the common people, the contempt of the king, to the shameful disgrace of the officers of the City, and to the grievous damage of the commonalty. John Rightways was discharged, and John Penrose found guilty; he was to be imprisoned a year and a day, to drink a draught of the bad wine, and the rest to be poured over his head; and to forswear the calling of a vintner in the City of London."

MONUMENTS.—About a century ago Gough published his "Sepulchral Monuments;" and since then Stothard and Blore have worked in the same field. As we look down the long list of antiquaries and topographers who have taken church notes, Dingley's book falls into place and becomes a link in the chain of great interest. The first entry in his curious collection is an alphabet of arms, or catalogue of the arms of families not mentioned in other forms in the course of his work. This is immediately followed by an east view of Bath Cathedral, and a note of "Advice from a Father to his Son in ye University:—

1. Serve God, that will make you a good Christian.
2. Follow your study, that will make you a good scholar.
3. Keep within compass, yt will make you a good Husband.
4. Bee humble and meeke, that will make you a good man.

By the careful performance of these—

1. God will be glorified,
2. Your college credited,
3. Your father comforted; and
4. Your self commended."—*The Builder*.

ARMAMENTS.—I am disposed to dissent from that maxim which has been so generally received, that "if you wish for peace you must be prepared for war." It may have applied to the nations of antiquity, and to society in a comparatively barbarous and uncivilised state, when warlike preparations cost but little; but in the state of society in which we now live, and when the warlike preparations of great powers are made at an enormous expense, I say that, so far from their being any security for peace, they are directly the contrary, and tend at once to war; for it is natural that men, having adopted means they think efficient to any end, should desire to put their efficiency to the test, and to have some direct result from their labour and expense.—*Lord Aberdeen*.

BOTTLES AND CORKS.—A well-known member of the Norfolk Circuit, Hart, afterwards Thorold, related to me, that he once fell in with an elderly officer in the old Cambridge coach to London, who made inquiries concerning Robinson (Baptist minister at Cambridge). "I met him," said the stranger, "in this very coach when I was a young man,

and when my tone of conversation was that universal among young officers, and I talked in a very free tone with this Mr. Robinson. I did not take him for a clergyman, though he was dressed in black, for he was by no means solemn; on the contrary, he told several droll stories. But there was one very odd thing about him, that he continually interlarded his stories with an exclamation, '*Bottles and corks!*' This seemed so strange that I could not help at last asking him why he did so, saying they did not seem to improve his stories at all. 'Don't they?' said Mr. Robinson; 'I'm glad to know that, for I merely used those words by way of experiment.' 'Experiment!' said I; 'how do you mean that?' 'Why, I will tell you. I rather pride myself on story-telling, and wish to make my stories as good as they can be. Now, I observed that you told several very pleasant stories, and that you continually made use of oaths, such as—— Now, I can't use such words, for they are irrelevant towards the Almighty, and I believe actually sinful; therefore I wanted to try whether I could not find words that would answer the purpose as well, and be quite innocent at the same time.' All this," said the officer, "was said in so good-humoured a tone, that I could not possibly take offence, though apt enough to do so. The reproof had an effect on me, and very much contributed to my breaking myself of the habit of profane swearing."—*Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson*.

OBITUARY ADVERTISEMENT.—Died, on the 11th ult., at his shop in Broadway, Mr. Artemus Dodge, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable; as a hatter he was upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only \$8 each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of his life, and just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more moderate charge than any other house in New York. His disconsolate family will carry on the business with punctuality.

TAXES AND IMPOSTS.—A parliamentary return, moved for by Sir Thomas Bazley during the last session, shows that the aggregate amount of the revenue for the year 1869-70 was £73,503,719 sterling; of this £21,676,425 were furnished by the customs, £22,730,043 by the excise, £9,532,878 by stamps, £14,792,382 by taxes, and £4,771,991 by the Post Office. The customs duties are now derived from tobacco, snuff, sugar, tea, coffee, chicory, spirits, or articles containing spirits, as chloroform, collodine, ether, naphtha, and varnish; wine, corn, and grain of all kinds (up to June of last year, when the tax was repealed), beer, vinegar, gold and silver plate, and playing cards. An analysis of the revenue produced by the Post Office shows that the postage on letters, book packets, and samples brought a gross revenue of £4,492,779, and a net revenue of £1,257,756; that the commission on money orders produced a gross revenue of £178,450, and a net revenue of £53,139; and telegrams a gross revenue of £100,760, and a net revenue of £60,471. The gross revenue is exclusive of the impressed stamps on newspapers.

UNITED STATES LAW REPORTS.—It is stated that there are more than 2,000 volumes of published law reports of the Courts of the United States and of the several States and Territories. A hundred and fifty volumes contain reports of cases decided in Courts of the United States. The other volumes contain reports of cases in the several State Courts.

BOX-TREES AT FUNERALS.—The connection of box-trees with funeral customs has been fully illustrated by discoveries in this country. Among the Roman sepulchral relics at the Bartlow Hills, leaves of the box were found adhering to the cinerary urns, and Professor Henslow records that among the Roman remains at Chesterford, box-leaves lay loose in the soil. From Wordsworth's poetical works we gather the fact that in several parts of the north of England, when a funeral takes place, a basinful of sprigs of box-wood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up, and each person who attends the funeral, occasionally takes up a sprig of the box-wood and throws it into the grave of the deceased. Box-trees are indigenous to the south of England, and in Roman times may have frequently been connected with sepulchral rites. It is noticeable that the cypress, still an emblem of mourning, was placed both by the Greeks and Romans in their tombs; and to similar feeling is due that custom which has placed yew-trees and evergreens in the churchyards of our own time.—*J. E. Prince; Trans. London and Middlesex Archaeological Society*.

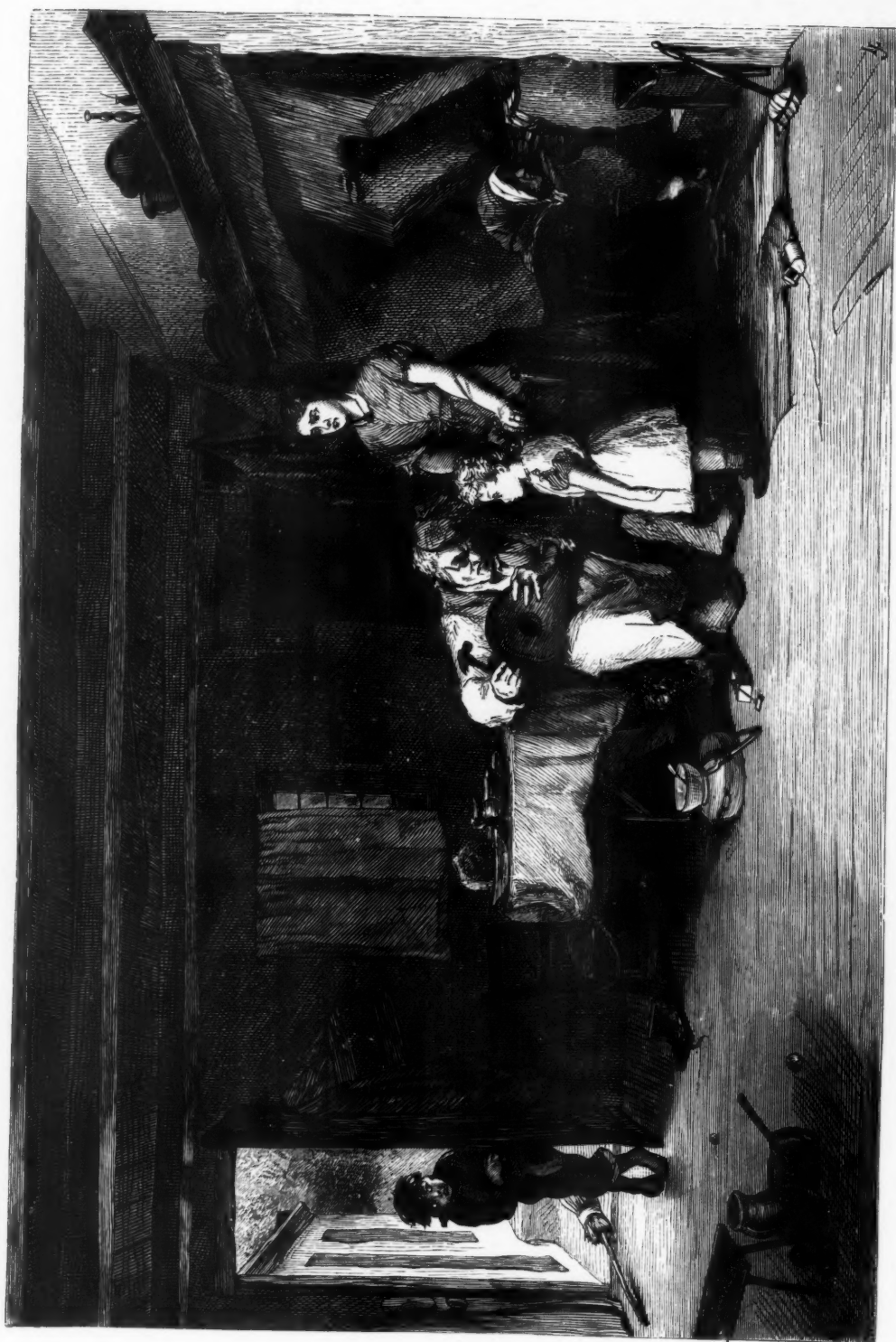
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From a Painting by John Burr.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

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